THE NORMAL ONES

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By Alba Pratalia

The dagger penetrated skin and flesh with a wet, unceremonious *shluck*. Then began slicing. Not clean. Not surgical. This was exploratory surgery performed by a lunatic with no license and a grudge.

The pain was atrocious—like fire being poured directly into his nerves, like his body was being peeled open for inspection by a sadistic god with Parkinson's. He screamed. Of course he screamed.

The man with the dagger didn't flinch. He wiped a speck of blood from his cheek with the back of his gloved hand, almost absentmindedly, like he'd just shooed away a fly. Then he leaned in, nose to nose, voice low and calm as a bedtime story.

"Will you talk?"

It wasn't a threat. It was a schedule.

The next few minutes didn't promise mercy. Only *continuation*.

The tortured man weeps—not noble tears, not cinematic, but the kind that choke, snot, and dribble. His body convulses in hiccups of agony and panic, eyes wide with the awful realization that this is far from over.

The torturer sighs. Not in frustration. In routine. Like a butcher disappointed by the quality of the meat.

He draws a new line with the dagger, just below the ribcage this time. The blade parts flesh like warm butter. The man howls, thrashes, begs—spittle flying, words unintelligible.

The torturer waits. Watches. Then, evenly, like he's asking if you'd like sugar in your tea:

"Will you talk?"

The question, again, not really a question. Just a momentary pause in the art of pain.

The tortured man gasps between sobs, his voice broken glass and mucus.
"Yes... yes—I'll talk. Just... no more pain. Please."

His head lolls back, face slick with tears, sweat, and humiliation. His pride, once an armor, now lies gutted like the rest of him.

The torturer smiles. Not kindly. Not cruelly. Just mechanically—like a man pleased that the vending machine finally spat out his snack.
He wipes the blade, not out of necessity, but ritual.

"Good," he says, as if discussing weather.
"Now start with the names. And if you lie, you'll feel it."

The dagger rests. Not sheathed. Just… waiting.

Names are spilled.

They pour out of the broken man like blood from his wounds—stuttering, shivering syllables of

betrayal. Colleagues. Friends. Family. Anyone who ever trusted him.

He speaks through sobs, his words clinging to each other like survivors in a shipwreck.

“Julián… Marta… oh god—Félix… the twins… they didn’t know anything, please… they just brought food—”

The torturer doesn’t write anything down. Doesn’t need to. He watches like a wolf watches a lamb confessing sins it barely understands.

When the list ends, silence hangs. The tortured man sobs quietly, spent, a puppet with its strings cut.

The torturer finally moves, stands straight, cracks his neck.

“See?” he says, wiping his blade again.
“Pain is a wonderful translator.”

Then he turns to the door.
“Bring the next one.”

They drag him in like a sack of guilt, toss him onto the cold stone floor of the cell where his comrades sit in silent defiance, their faces gaunt but unbroken.

The torchlight flickers over his blood-soaked shirt, the fresh cuts still weeping red. He groans as he hits the ground, tries to sit up, fails.

No one speaks.

He’s back too early. Far too early.

Everyone knows what that means.

No man comes back that fast unless his tongue was quicker than his spine.

Their eyes bore into him—not with hatred. Not yet. With the quiet, surgical precision of judgment.

One of them, the old one with the burned hand and missing eye, mutters without looking:

“I hope it was worth it.”

The silence that follows is heavier than the torture.

They all know. No discussion. No vote. No speeches.

Just the unspoken law of betrayal.

The youngest is the first to move. He doesn't hesitate—grabs the bleeding man by the shoulder, presses his thumb into the deepest cut. The scream that erupts is animal, primal.

Then the others follow.

Callused fingers find the soft, torn edges of flesh.
Hands twist.
Wounds open like rotten fruit.
Muscle tears.
Tendons snap.

The traitor howls, kicks, begs—again. This time not for mercy from a torturer, but from those he called brothers.

But they do not stop.
They *cannot* stop.

Because betrayal is the only crime that must be answered.

And this is not execution.
This is excommunication—carved in meat and screams.

They don't kill him.

They *could* have.
Would've been easy. A twist of the neck, a rock to the skull, a final mercy.

But no.

They leave him barely breathing—his body a ruin,
his voice reduced to wet gurgles, his eyes unfocused
and swimming in blood and shame.

They drag him to the corner like a pile of trash,
leave him twitching in a puddle of his own betrayal.

A monument.

A living monument to what happens when the pain
breaks you.

No more sermons needed.
His gasping, whimpering form *is* the sermon.
The flayed skin, the ruined limbs, the stink of
opened flesh—this is the doctrine now.

One of them spits.
Another mutters, "He'll live."
They all nod.

He *must* live.

Because the next time the guards come calling, the choice must be clear:
Better to die in the chair than to return to the cell like *that*.

From the chamber, they'd all heard it—those screams. Not of interrogation, but *judgment*. The shrieking, tearing, wet agony of a man being *unmade* by those he once trusted.

The walls didn't muffle it. They *amplified* it.

The girl sits chained, trembling. Not from fear, not anymore.
From *clarity*.

She swallows hard. Her mouth tastes like rust.

There's no heroism here. No dignity in silence.
Just levels of pain—some human, some biblical, and then the kind that comes from your own comrades peeling your flesh like overripe fruit.

She closes her eyes.

She knows what happens if she doesn't talk.
She *might* survive the torturer.
But she *won't* survive her cell.

She looks up, eyes burning, throat tight.

"I'll talk."

Because survival isn't about courage.
It's about *math*.

"I'll talk," she says, voice low, cracked but firm.
"But you put me in isolation. I'm not going back to that cell. Not after what they did to him."

A pause.
The torturer looks at her. Eyes like dead coals—no judgment, no pity. Just the gears turning.

Then, a slight nod.
"Fair enough," he says, wiping the blade as if this is all part of standard procedure.
"Well thought."

Like she'd just requested a different kind of tea.

No smile. No reward.
Just a grim understanding: she's not the first to ask.
She won't be the last.

He calls for the guards.
"Take her to black cell 7. Bring paper. She's ready to confess."

Because the system doesn't need loyalty.
It just needs *information*.
And once you break, the only thing left to negotiate is your *afterlife*.

Now the whole cell block knows. Word moves faster than light when it's soaked in blood and betrayal.

They don't scream. They don't shout.
They *wait*.

Every eye watches the guards. Every breath is held when boots echo down the hall. Every fist clenches when a tray is passed, when a key turns, when a

whisper floats:
“The girl talked.”

And she knows.
Of course she knows.

There’s no hiding from it.
Even behind steel and stone, even locked in isolation, she can *feel* them—dozens of betrayed stares pressed against the walls like heat, like rot.

Every sound outside her door is a possible breach.
Every hour without screams is borrowed time.
They're planning. Plotting.
Preparing.

Because now it’s not just vengeance.
It’s *tradition*.
And she’s next in line for the sermon.

She curls in the corner, breathing shallow, eyes locked on the door.
It will open.

Soon.
They always find a way.

The guards don't say much when they drop her food. Just slide the tray in, eyes avoiding hers, the same way one avoids looking at a corpse that hasn't stopped twitching yet.

She doesn't eat.

Not out of defiance. Out of *anticipation*.
Who cares about food when the clock is ticking toward skinning?

She knows the cell block. Knows how clever rage can be.
They'll bribe a guard.
Or slip a message through filth.
Or fake an injury.
It doesn't matter how.
The only thing that matters is *when*.

Because they're not trying to escape.
They're trying to *get to her*.

She lies awake, eyes wide open, trying to plan.
There's no escape.
No sympathy.
Only a question of what they'll take first—her
fingers, her eyes, her tongue—
before they unmake her like they did him.

And she'll scream too.
And everyone will hear.

And *they* will listen.
And *they* will know:

This is the price of breaking.
This is the cost of math.

Somewhere down the corridor, past walls that sweat with mildew and history, the screams begin.

Not hers.

Not yet.

But someone else—some unlucky bastard who refused to talk.
The sounds are unmistakable:
That first defiant grunt.
Then the wet gasp.
Then the animal wail, the one that means something *vital* has been punctured.

She knows that room.
Knows the metal chair with the leather straps.
Knows the blade, the rhythm, the gentle voice that says **"Will you talk?"**
Knows what happens when the answer is *no*.

She curls tighter into herself, jaw clenched.
Her mind tries to shut it out.
But it can't.
Because the screams don't stop.
They *build*.
They crescendo.

And each one reminds her—
She avoided that fate.
She made a *choice*.

But the screams don't feel like mercy.
They feel like *judgment*.

Because she bought safety with betrayal.
And safety is just a waiting room in hell.

The door opens with a hiss and a clank that makes her flinch.
Light—real light—pours in, yellow and alien.

A guard stands there.
Not the usual one with the dead eyes and the dog breath.
This one's clean-shaven. Uniform crisp. Face almost… *kind*.

He steps forward, slowly.
Lays a folded blanket on the edge of her cot.

Soft. Warm. It smells like nothing, which is a luxury down here.

Then he extends a hand.
Not with force.
But with something worse:
Invitation.

“Come.”
His voice is calm. Almost gentle.
“It’s not a trap. We think you belong in our society.”

She doesn’t move. Doesn’t blink.
Just stares at the hand.
The words hang in the air like a spider’s web.

We think you belong.

Belong.
To *them*.
To the world that runs the torture chamber like a sacred institution.

To the people who measured her soul, found it crackable, and now call it *compatible*.

She looks up at him, finally.
Sees the calculation in his gaze.
Not empathy. Not mercy.
Recruitment.

The pain, the screams, the betrayal—they weren't the end.
They were the *initiation*.

He smiles wider—not cruel, not fake, just *disturbingly serene*. The kind of smile worn by people who whisper in libraries about very bad things.

"I don't mean the guards," he says, stepping just inside, still holding the hand out, as if inviting her to a picnic instead of dragging her from a hole in hell. **"It's something totally different. I belong to a society."**

A beat. A blink. A silence that leans forward.

"We call ourselves *The Normal Ones*."

That phrase slaps the air like a hallucination.

He crouches now, closer to her level.
"We watched. We listened. We all agreed—you belong."
He says it like it's good news. Like she just won the lottery of lunacy.

The Normal Ones.
As if they were quietly sipping tea behind the scenes while people were being unstitched with knives.
As if normalcy is measured by how calmly you betray.
As if this society runs not above the prison, but *under* it.
In the cracks.
Behind the walls.
Watching.

She doesn't take his hand.
But she doesn't look away either.

She's too smart not to understand:

The real choice was never torture or silence.
It was survival… *or acceptance*.
And now survival has sent its envoy.
Wearing a smile.
Holding a blanket.
Calling itself *normal*.

She studies him—really studies him.

That smile... not smug, not selling anything.
Just *present*.
Like someone who actually *sees* her, not the paperwork version, not the prisoner, not the liability.

There's no urgency. No threat behind the teeth.
Just waiting.
Like he has all the time in the world.

So she doesn't take the hand.
But she pulls the blanket around her shoulders—
slow, cautious, as if it might vanish.

And she stands.

Follows him out into the corridor, barefoot and
broken but somehow *intact*.

He doesn't look back to check.
He knows she's coming.

And as they walk through the maze of concrete and
whispered screams, he talks.
Not about fate, not about philosophy.

He says:
"You know, I can't eat the prison food either. Tastes like boiled cardboard with depression."
Then:
"I miss thunderstorms. The kind that shake windows. You like those?"

And it's not an act.
It's not bait.
It's just… human.

In this place of knives and masks, of screams and choices, *he's real*.

And that's the most terrifying thing of all.

Because now she's wondering—
what *is* this society?
And why do they call themselves "normal"…

…when they're the only ones who feel *real*?

He leads her through the corridor like a man escorting a guest to a garden party, not out of obligation but out of some forgotten code—*chivalry*, absurd and unshaken, even in this place of rot.

They stop at a wall, blank stone, unremarkable.
He pushes a single block with two fingers. No flourish. Just *click*.
A mechanism hums behind it—old, mechanical,

confident.
A door opens. Quietly. Smoothly.

Behind it: a narrow passage, carved by someone who cared enough to hide it well but not make it sinister.
Shadows hang along the sides, but they don't *press*.
It's shady, not dark. Like dusk, not danger.

He steps in first.
Turns.
Shows her his back.

No trap.
Just an open gesture:
If you want to stab me, here's your chance.

She hesitates.
Not because she suspects foul play.
But because something about the gesture—its sincerity—makes her ache.
She hasn't seen courtesy in so long, she forgot it existed.

She follows.

He doesn't speak as they walk, just lets the silence stretch like a gentle arm around the shoulders.
The floor is smooth. The air smells clean.

And up ahead—light.
Warm, soft, unmistakably *human* light.

Not the sterile white of torture rooms.
Not the flicker of guard torches.

This light glows like it belongs in kitchens, or libraries, or stories where people *matter*.

As they near the end of the corridor, she feels it—something lift.
Like a scream trapped in her lungs for days has finally exhaled.

They step into the kitchen, and for a moment her knees nearly give out.

It's *normal*. Painfully, beautifully normal.
Tile floors. Warm lights. Smell of coffee and toast.
People—dozens of them—chatting, sipping,
smiling. Not a single scream in earshot.
Not a knife in sight.

They all turn to her, not with suspicion, not with forced joy—
Just *welcome*.

A woman, elegant in a cardigan and sensible shoes, waves her over.
Pulls out a chair like she's been waiting for this moment.
Pours coffee into a chipped ceramic mug.
Hands it over with both hands. Warm. Solid. Real.

"Hello, Sophia."

The sound of her name hits harder than any blade.
It *breaks* her a little.

"It's all right, you're home."

The woman sits beside her, not across, close enough to comfort, not to cage.

"We call ourselves *The Normal Ones,"* she says, stirring her own coffee without looking down, **"because we think we are—normal, reasonable people."**

She smiles. No madness in it. No agenda.
Just truth.

"We're not a secret society. Not a cult. We're just people who meet here, quietly, because we have one thing in common."

She leans in slightly, lowers her voice as if confessing something silly.

"We're afraid of pain."
She shrugs.
"As it is *normal* to be."

Someone in the corner raises a hand like he's at a support group.

"Dentists," he says. Everyone nods.
"Needles," another adds. Laughter.
"Stubbing toes," says someone else, mock groaning.

The woman continues,
"We have fear of it. Then we avoid it. Simple. Pain is nature's way of saying 'that damages you—don't do it.' So we listen. We avoid doing it. We avoid *receiving* it."

She gently places a hand over Sophia's trembling fingers.

"That's why, when we heard you broke—we didn't judge. We said: *finally, someone reasonable.*"

She squeezes her hand, then lets go.
"You did the *only* logical thing. So we thought—let's bring her here. *Safe.*"

A silence falls, soft and sacred.
Then someone behind her says,

“We saved you a seat at Scrabble if you’re feeling up to it.”

And for the first time in what feels like centuries, Sophia lets herself breathe.

They gather closer now—not crowding, just orbiting her like moons around a sun that's finally shown its face.

The woman refills her coffee. Someone places a plate of buttered toast in front of her like it’s holy sacrament. She hasn’t tasted food that wasn’t laced with fear in... how long?

A man with kind eyes and orthopedic shoes sits nearby and speaks, his voice calm, measured, like a weather report:

“Most of us live normal lives. We have homes. Families. Jobs. We come here like it’s a club, a sanctuary.”

He gestures around the room—people laughing over chess, reading books, knitting like war never existed.

“But some…” He pauses.
Looks her in the eye.
“Some are like you.”

Someone else chimes in, a young woman with a scar that vanishes under her collar:
“Fugitives. From torture. From beatings. From cruelty dressed as ‘principle.’”

An old man raises a finger.
“I came here when I was nine. I ran away from a nurse with a syringe. Hid in the closet of one of our members. Never left.”

Chuckles. Not mockery—shared history.

The woman in the cardigan picks it up again, gentle as ever:
“We have a fund. Modest, but stable. Donations, small jobs, members who care.”

She sips her coffee like it's strategy.
“We build lodging. Room by room. Bed by bed. There are extra robes. Warm water. Toothpaste.”
She smiles.
“The house is yours now. To use. To rest. To recover.”

Then, simply:
“Welcome home, Sophia.”

Someone claps once. Then twice.
Then, soft applause rises—not triumphant.
Just *glad*.
Glad she’s here.
Glad she survived.
Glad she’s *normal*.

A man with a wild tuft of gray hair and the look of someone who’s probably prank-called a bishop at least once leans in with a mischievous smirk.

“Well, I think we can all agree on one thing…”
He pauses for maximum drama, then grins:
“You *desperately* need a shower.”

The room erupts.

“Yep.”
“Totally.”
“Girl, you smell like betrayal and basement.”
“It’s giving ‘war crime chic.’”

Laughter rolls like thunder, not cruel but cathartic.
And for the first time, *she* laughs too.

Not politely.
Not nervously.
But fully, openly—like something cracked inside her and light got in.

She doubles over, wheezing, wiping her eyes, the blanket around her like a badge of honor.

They don’t stop her. They let it happen.
Because here, laughter isn’t suspicious.

It's therapy.
It's rebellion.
It's proof she's still alive.

A woman tosses her a bar of soap like a grenade.
"Second door on the left. Hot water. Fluffy towels. Shampoo that doesn't smell like chemical warfare."

The man with the smirk winks.
"And we promise not to throw a welcome party until you're *at least* 40% less radioactive."

They're not saints.
They're not saviors.
They're just a band of nice, normal rascals—
scared of pain, allergic to cruelty, and absolutely committed to *smelling better than prison*.

The shower is··· biblical.

Hot water pouring over her skin feels like a second baptism—one with actual utility. Dirt, blood, fear—all spiraling down the drain. She stands there too

long, because how could she not? The shampoo smells like mint and dreams. The towel is thick enough to qualify as armor.

Wrapped in clean clothes someone left folded just outside the door (they even fit—*witchcraft*), she makes her way down the short hall and into the living room.

It's nothing special.
And that makes it perfect.

A mismatched couch. Faded armchairs. Books stacked sideways. A lamp with a lampshade that looks like it survived a cat riot. Someone's mug left on a coaster that says *"I survived Tuesday"*. A fireplace, lit just enough to crackle and warm the bones.

And there they are—the residents.
The full-time souls.
The ones who *never* go back out.

They don't rise to greet her like nobles.
They don't stare like analysts.
They *scooch over* and pat the couch.

A tall woman with strong arms and a book on Greek myths tucked under her thigh speaks first.
"I'm Jana. I grow the tomatoes and break the locks when someone forgets a key."

A guy with a beanie and a Game Boy raises a hand.
"Tomás. Former tax accountant. Current chair expert."

A kid—not more than 14—with wild hair and too-big socks gives a solemn nod.
"Daniel. I built a trapdoor system. For fun. Not paranoia."
Everyone nods like that's very healthy.

Then the last one—an old man who looks like he used to be someone terrifying, now mellowed into a sort of grandpa-shaped enigma. He smiles without teeth.

“I’m called many things,” he says.
“But here, you can call me Leo. I maintain the whiskey shelf.”

Jana pours her a cup of tea before she can decline.
“No rules here. You want silence, you get it. You want jokes, we’ve got boxes of them. You want to cry on a beanbag for three hours? That’s scheduled right after dinner.”

Tomás adds, **“We all came here broken. Now we just try to stay… warm.”**

Daniel, seriously:
“And alive.”

Leo raises a glass of something amber and mutters:
“To cowardice. The smartest survival trait there is.”

They clink imaginary glasses in her direction.

No interrogation.
No judgment.
Just a place. A room. A group.

Not saints. Not warriors.

Just the ones who said *no more pain*, and *me too*, and *I'll take care of the tea if you take care of the silence*.

Home.
Strange, broken, perfect home.

Tomás eyes her with a half-grin, tilting his head like he's about to offer contraband at a summer camp.

"You drink?" he asks, lifting his brows.

She nods, still towel-damp and tea-warmed, her lips twitching at the corner.

Without ceremony, Tomás reaches under the coffee table and produces a chilled bottle of something sleek, dark, and whispering *expensive* in ten different languages.

"*Wow*, imported," she mutters.

“Damn right it is,” Leo rumbles from his corner, already sipping something brown and noble from a glass etched with a family crest that probably isn’t his.
“That’s *my* department. Booze here is top grade. If we’re going to flee the world, we do it with proper liquor.”

Daniel, bless his 14-year-old rebel soul, pops open a can with a satisfying hiss.
“Here, nobody judges.”
He sips.
Burps like a monk.
Nods approvingly.

Tomás leans back, lets the moment breathe, then casually strolls to a closet near the fireplace.
He opens it like revealing Excalibur.

Inside: a pharmacy’s wet dream.
Shelves packed with every kind of painkiller, antacid, hangover remedy, and probably a few

substances that technically require a Vatican license.

"But," Tomás says, almost reverently,
"we *do* avoid *hangover* pain."

He gestures at the pills.
"Take your pick. We got stuff that neutralizes tequila, wine, existential dread, and that one red punch Leo makes on holidays."

Leo, insulted:
"That punch has character. It once disintegrated a spoon."

Sophia laughs again—loud, real, maybe a little teary.
This isn't survival.
This is living.
With booze, empathy, and a pharmacy-level respect for consequences.

She grabs a glass.
"To cowardice."

Daniel raises his can.
“To functional cowardice.”

They all drink.
No toasts to heroes.
Just to the normal ones.

Jana sets her cup down, the porcelain clinking soft against the table. Her tone is careful, maternal, the kind reserved for moments when someone might be about to do something noble and *deeply stupid*.

“Now, we understand you might want to save your friends…”

But Sophia doesn’t let her finish. She barks a laugh—short, sharp, bitter.

“*Friends?*”
She practically spits the word.
“Who? You mean the ones who were ready to gut me like fish for not screaming my guts out in front of the blade?”

She leans forward, her voice rising, her eyes wild with remembered betrayal.
"The ones who would've ripped me apart limb by limb—just to prove a point? For doing the *only* reasonable, *normal* thing? To stay alive?"

She snorts.
"Let them cook. In their own soup. May it boil. May it burn. May they salt it with their tears and choke on every spoonful."

Silence.
Respectful. Not awkward.

Tomás raises his bottle.
"That's the spirit."

Leo mutters, **"No one survives idealism. Trust me. I tried it. Broke my leg and got divorced."**

Daniel looks up from his handheld console.
"And if you ever feel the urge to forgive them, drink water first. Might just be dehydration."

Sophia relaxes back in her chair, her fury still smoldering, but now basking in something better than revenge: *validation*.

Jana smiles softly, lifting her tea again.
“Just had to make sure.”

They clink mugs, bottles, and cans in a quiet, sacred toast to the most forbidden, liberating act in the world:
Choosing *yourself*.

A strange hush falls over the room—not tension, not danger.
Just a collective shifting of limbs, eyes darting away, mugs suddenly fascinating.

Tomás clears his throat.
Twice.
Fails to speak.

Daniel fidgets with his can.
Leo starts polishing a bottle that doesn't need polishing.

Jana bites her lip, glances at the others, then back at Sophia.
That look. That *look*.

Something's up.
Something *juicy*.
But they're being... coy.

Sophia squints.
"Okay. What?"
No one answers.
"Spit it out. What are you all acting like nervous virgins for?"

Tomás finally blurts,
"There's... a room."

Leo coughs into his drink, not convincingly.
Daniel hides behind his console like it's a shield against adult content.

Sophia leans forward.
"A room."

Jana sighs.
"A pleasure room."

Sophia blinks.
"A *what*?"

Tomás holds up his hands like a hostage.
"Consensual, safe, stocked, and extremely popular. But... optional."

Jana adds quickly,
"No pressure. But we figured—after everything—you might want to... unwind. Eventually. In your own time."

Daniel, without looking up:
"There's a swing."

Leo:
“And a disco ball.”

Sophia stares.
Then laughs.
Then wheezes.
“You absolute *freaks*.”

Tomás grins.
“Normal freaks.”

Jana raises her tea.
“We fear pain. We do *not* fear pleasure.”

And somewhere in the house, behind a door marked only with a smiley face and a velvet rope—
the lights flicker to pink.

Tomás nods solemnly, eyes glancing nowhere and *everywhere* at once.
“Yes, we… seek pleasure.”

A pause.
A collective clearing of throats.
A *chorus of internal coughing*.

Leo swirls his drink like it's plotting something.
Jana suddenly finds the ceiling very interesting.
Daniel disappears entirely behind a cushion.

Tomás coughs once, twice.
Then drops the voice half a register, the universal code of *wink-wink* diplomacy.

"*Ahem*… any kind of it."
"You know…"
"Ehm."
"Pleasure pleasure."
"Capital 'P.'"

Jana, valiantly trying to sound academic:
"We believe healthy sensual exploration is part of a balanced recovery."

Leo mutters into his glass:
“And sometimes part of breakfast.”

Sophia raises an eyebrow, grinning like she just discovered a hidden stash of scandal.
“So let me get this straight. You’re a society of cowardly hedonists with moral clarity and a fully stocked dungeon?”

Tomás shrugs with pride.
“You say it like it’s a bad thing.”

Daniel peeks out.
“And the swing’s been stress-tested. For *science.*”

Laughter rolls again, shameless and bright.
No one here fears pain—
but they sure as hell don’t fear *fun*.

Daniel, still half-buried in a beanbag, raises his hand with the smug confidence only a 14-year-old surrounded by morally flexible adults can muster.

“I am very premature for my age.”

The room holds its breath for one beat. Two.
Then Jana, eyes going a little dreamy, voice slipping into a register halfway between naughty librarian and soft jazz—

"Oh yes… *that* he is."

Tomás nods with the solemnity of a priest blessing tequila.
"Confirmed."

Leo, deadpan:
"Certified. Notarized. Laminated."

Someone in the back mutters, **"Tested on all swing settings."**

Daniel smirks like a Bond villain in a bathrobe.
"You're all just jealous."

Sophia sips her drink and sighs,
"This place is unhinged."

Tomás grins.
"Yes. But in the *comfortable* way."

And with that, the fire crackles. The lights glow.
And in a house built on fearlessness of *joy*,
everything is perfectly, chaotically... *normal.*

Ja a leans toward Sophia, a glint in her eye that could fry an egg.

"Believe me, darling… you *want* to try him."
She gestures toward Daniel, who's now lounging on the armrest like a scandalous prodigy.

Sophia, blinking, glass in hand, surrounded by lunatics, shrugs with theatrical resignation.
"Well… you all sound so *convincing* so… okay, I presume?"

Tomás claps once, like a stage director.
"Daniel, do the *alphabet* to her."

Gasps. Cheers. A woman fans herself with a coaster.

"*Oooooooh!*"
"The alphabet!"
"She's not ready."
"No one's ready."

Daniel (still 14) cracks his jaw like a prizefighter.
"Consent confirmed?"
Sophia, laughing now, nods.
"Bottoms off, Sophia, if you don't mind."
He winks.
"We're going *literary*."

She reclines like a goddess about to be educated. Daniel lowers himself with the solemnity of a monk preparing to transcribe ancient scripture—except the quill is his tongue and the parchment is, well, *front-facing Sophia*.

A. A soft breath.
B. A blink.
C. A toe curl.
D-E-F. A moan like the opening of a jazz solo.

G-H-I. “Oh my god,” she mutters.
J-K-L. She's gripping the couch.

By M—her eyes roll so far back she sees her own childhood.
At Q—
it’s all over.

She *erupts* like a choir of volcanoes, limbs flailing, words gone, voice somewhere between an opera soprano and a war siren.

She collapses backward, utterly undone, hair wild, soul peeled open like a poem.

She whispers, reverently, as if receiving divine revelation:
“Oh… the alphabet…”

And like a Greek chorus of sex-positive lunatics, the room answers in perfect harmony:

“ *The alphabet.*”

Bow-chicka-wow-wow.

Sophia, still draped over the cushions like a Renaissance painting after a particularly successful orgy, lifts her head with regal dignity and an absolutely wicked grin.

“Oh Daniel…” she purrs, voice dripping with gratitude and something far more volcanic.
“That was not just pleasure, it was pedagogy.”

Daniel, wiping his lips with theatrical flourish, bows.
“I am, first and foremost, an educator.”

Sophia sits up, adjusting her robe with the gravity of someone about to accept knighthood—or bestow it, depending on which part of the anatomy we’re addressing.

“That,” she says, one hand on her heart like a scandalized debutante,
“was a favour that, on my honour, I *must* return.”

Gasps. Applause. Tomás drops a glass. Jana fans herself with a cushion.

"I *insist,*" she declares, rising now like a sexy phoenix in heat.
"Justice demands reciprocity!"

Leo, already pouring another drink, mutters:
"This is what Rousseau meant by the social contract."

Daniel, standing proud (and in every sense, very ready), gestures gallantly.
"Then by all means, do to me what I did to the alphabet."

Tomás cries out:
"We are witnessing the founding of a new language!"

And somewhere between vowels and very enthusiastic consonants,

the house echoed once again with the sacred, shameless gospel of—

“THE ALPHABET.”

Sophia kneels with a grace that says *opera*, but eyes that scream *full-contact sport*. The room falls silent—not out of propriety, but out of reverence. This is not just an act. This is *payback with punctuation*.

“Now,” she murmurs, placing her hands on Daniel’s thighs like she’s tuning an instrument,
“let’s see if I remember my ABCs.”

Tomás hides behind a throw pillow.
Jana clutches her tea like it’s about to shatter.
Leo calmly starts taking bets under the table.

And Sophia begins.

A. A flicker—Daniel gasps.
B. A hum—his knees twitch.

C. His head hits the backrest like it owes him money.

D through F—she's spelling in cursive now.
G-H-I—he's making noises last heard during lunar takeoff.
By J, his toes have declared independence.

K-L-M—
"Oh god."
"I'm converting to whatever religion *this* is," he moans.

At N-O-P, Daniel is holding onto reality with the white-knuckled grip of a man riding a flaming jet ski through Valhalla.

Q-R— he's babbling letters out of order.
S-T— sobbing. Genuinely sobbing.
U-V-W? He *salutes*.
X-Y-Z— he explodes like a confetti cannon at a rock concert attended exclusively by grateful virgins.

He falls back, utterly annihilated. Steam rises. Somewhere, a choir sings.

Sophia wipes her mouth delicately, sits back down, sips her drink, and murmurs:

"And *that*, class… concludes the lesson."

The others, in perfect chorus:
"*The alphabet.*"

Soohia, hair tousled, flushed with triumph and a shot of single malt, reclines like a queen after conquering her kingdom with nothing but her tongue and moral flexibility. She eyes Daniel, who's still twitching gently like someone who's been tasered by Aphrodite herself.

She smirks.
"And to think… I could technically be your mother."

Daniel, still dazed, lifts a hand and murmurs with a wicked little grin:
"Thank you, mummy."

Collective gasp.
Tomás drops his glass *again*.
Jana covers her mouth—whether in shock or arousal, no one knows.
Leo just howls with laughter and raises his glass.

And the whole room erupts in a deeply inappropriate but absolutely unified chorus:

"Oh, what delightful psychological damage!"

Daniel rolls over and mumbles into the cushions,
"I feel nurtured and corrupted."

Sophia toasts him without shame:
"The best kind of parenting."

And so it was, in the House of the Normal Ones—no kink shamed, no pleasure wasted, and *definitely* no Freud left unprovoked.

Suddenly—*dramatic organ music*.

The lights flicker.
A gust of incense sweeps in from *absolutely nowhere*.

And from the shadows of the living room doorway emerges a chorus of cassocked figures, solemn, serene, and suspiciously lubricated in ritual oils.

"We've been saying so for centuries!"
They chant in unison, hands raised, eyes sparkling with millennia of suppressed horniness and badly translated Latin.

One of them—an archbishop by the size of his hat—steps forward, arms open like he's welcoming everyone to an all-you-can-sin buffet.

"You see?" he booms,
"We were *not* perverts! We were *visionaries!*"

Tomás, now clutching his glass like a rosary, mutters,
"This escalated. Even for us."

Sophia, still gloriously disheveled, raises an eyebrow.
"Did you just break into a porn orgy *to say I told you so*?"

The lead priest crosses himself in reverse and smiles beatifically.
"It is… *tradition*."

Jana sighs,
"Alright, someone get the holy water before they start baptizing the lube."

Daniel, half-conscious, whispers,
"Too late."

And thus, in true porn comedy fashion, the line between sacrilege and satisfaction dissolves—right around the moment someone tries to exorcise the swing.

Daniel, still wiping post-Sophia bliss from his brow, glances at the sudden swirling of incense and repressed sexual guilt.

"I didn't expect the Catholic paedophilia…" he mutters.

CRACK! The door bursts open again with liturgical drama and just a hint of organ music.

Enter **Cardinal Ximinez**, flanked by **Cardinal Biggles** (wearing comically oversized goggles) and the eternally twitchy **Cardinal Fang**.

Ximinez strikes a pose like he's auditioning for *Vatican's Got Talent*, arms wide, eyes blazing with misplaced purpose.

"*NOBODY* expects the Catholic Paedophilia!" he declares with the confidence of someone who has no idea what they're doing but yells it anyway.

"Our chief weapon is *surprise*… surprise and *fear*… fear and surprise… Our two weapons are fear and

surprise… and *ruthless efficiency*—"
A glance at Biggles. Biggles nods, goggles slipping over one eye.

"Our *three* weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency… and an almost fanatical devotion to the *altar boys*—"
Cardinal Fang twitches.

"Our *four*—no, wait…"
He falters. Looks around.

"*Amongst* our weaponry… are such elements as fear, surprise, ruthless efficiency, and an almost fanatical devotion to the altar boys, and… nice red uniforms…"

Pause.

"I'll come in again."
He shoos the others back out the door. One of them trips over the swing. A bottle of lube rolls ominously across the floor.

Tomás raises his glass.
"It's not a party until the Spanish Inquisition forgets their lines."

Leo sighs.
"At least this time they didn't waterboard the Scrabble board."

Sophia smirks.
"I've had better invasions."

Daniel, staring at the door:
"I'm never going to confession again."

And somewhere offstage, Ximinez's voice echoes faintly:
"Let's try it from *our two weapons* again…"

Daniel, still splayed on the beanbag like a thoroughly alphabetized casualty of lust, turns his head slowly toward Sophia. His voice is honeyed sin wrapped in boyish mischief, and his eyes—oh, his

eyes—glow with the unholy power of *kinky puppy mode activated*.

"He said he'll come again…" he murmurs, lips curling into a grin.
A beat. A pause. And then—
"…I'd like to, too… *Mummy.*"

He gives her *the look*—wide-eyed, needy, and so obscenely innocent it might qualify as psychological warfare.

Sophia, sipping her drink like a decadent dominatrix who just inherited a kingdom, nearly chokes on her whisky.

"Oh, you little deviant."

Jana faints onto a pillow.
Tomás screams into a coaster.
Leo simply raises a sign that says **"FREUD WINS."**

The whole room collapses into a pile of laughter, groans, and arousal-flavored chaos.

Daniel curls closer to Sophia, still grinning.

“I brought crayons. Want me to draw the family tree on your thighs?”

The room explodes.

And somewhere, deep in the Vatican, a priest drops his rosary and has no idea why.

Sophia reclines, legs parting with the grace of a red velvet curtain at the filthiest opera ever staged. She raises her glass, her voice dipped in syrup and sin:

“Come to Mama…”
She winks, biting her lip.
“…and *come* in Mama.”

Daniel practically launches off the beanbag like a missile of pure, uncut horniness.

Tomás screams:
“THE MATRIARCH HAS SUMMONED THEE!”

Jana fans herself with a towel someone *really* shouldn't have used earlier.

Leo starts playing something sultry on a kazoo, for ambiance.

Daniel, now at full thrust and theological disobedience, salutes dramatically.

"For pleasure, for chaos, for the sacred alphabet—*I enter thee!*"

And with a cry of **"MUMMY!"**,
he dives between her thighs like a sinner sprinting into the gates of orgasmic heaven.

A few minutes later—clothes askew, hair a mess of glorious depravity, and the smell of unrepentant lust hanging in the air like incense at a very different kind of Mass—

Daniel eyes wide, pants somewhere around his ankles, hips already mid-thrust at the *concept* of Sophia.

"*I'm coming, Mama! I'm coming!*" he cries, voice cracking like a choirboy in heat.

Sophia, radiant like a blasphemous Madonna, opens her arms with the serenity of a queen welcoming her most eager knight.

She wraps him in a warm, sensual embrace, whispering against his ear with the soft cruelty of silk on a wound:
"Good boy…"

And then—

Greek Chorus (offstage, perfectly harmonized):
"Goooood boooooy."

Flutes trill. Someone in the corner throws rose petals.
A harpsichord plays a deeply inappropriate rendition of *Ave Maria*.
Tomás sobs softly into his drink.
Leo pours himself a double and mutters,

“That one’s gonna need a cold shower and two therapists.”

Daniel, still breathless, raises a hand:
“Can we install a scoreboard in here?”

Sophia, holding Daniel like a medal, grins devilishly.
“Mama always rewards excellence.”

Fade out.
Moans. Applause.
The *House of the Normal Ones*—where therapy is optional, orgasms are sacred, and absolutely no one is safe from praise.

Daniel and Sophia, now inexplicably dressed like they’ve just come from the opera—or a tax fraud trial—stand in the living room with the poise of diplomats at a press conference.

Sophia, in a floor-length gown that screams *“I commit crimes but elegantly,”* smiles demurely.

Daniel, in a crisply tailored suit, adjusts his tie, clears his throat with exaggerated pomp, and declares:

"We'd like to clarify for the record: we are *not* actually mother and son."

Sophia nods with stately grace.

"It's just an *age gap* thing."

Greek Chorus (unison, harmonized and entirely too enthusiastic):
"MIND THE GAAAAAAP!"

Trumpets blare. A nearby candle spontaneously combusts.

Sophia turns to Daniel.
She raises an eyebrow.

Daniel unbuttons one cufflink.
"So… said that…"

They stare at each other like two freight trains with *no brakes* and *nothing to lose*.

And then—

RIP. SHRED. TEAR.

Clothing flies like confetti at a strip club run by Olympic gymnasts.
A bow tie lands on Leo's drink.
Tomás catches a bra and tips his hat.

Sophia and Daniel slam into each other like erotically charged meteors, knocking over a bookshelf and a bowl of trail mix.

The Greek Chorus, now openly fanning themselves with hymnals, wails:

"MIIIIIIIIIND THE GAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

Somewhere offstage, Barry White files a lawsuit.
And the House of the Normal Ones once again

descends into glorious, consensual, scandalous chaos.

Curtains.
Towels.
Applause.

As Sophia and Daniel go at it like two impeccably dressed, depraved wildebeests in heat—buttons flying, tablecloths disintegrating, and every nearby surface morally violated—the rest of the house descends into the *only* logical reaction:

A **full-blown musical number**.

Spotlight. Cymbals. Tap shoes from nowhere.

The inquisitors and Catholic priests—now arm in arm, cassocks hiked scandalously high—burst into a high-kicking, thigh-slapping *can-can* worthy of Moulin Rouge's most heretical matinee.

On cue, the music swells into a warped, disco-infused remix of Mel Brooks's **"The Inquisition"**, now rebranded for absolute porn comedy carnage:

Chorus:
"The Paedophilia…
*Let's begin!"**
(high kick!)
"Let's begin!"

"The Paedophilia…
Look out, kid!"
(another high kick! Someone loses a sandal.)
"Look out, kid!"

All the Vatican, jazz hands outstretched, pelvic-thrusting in synchronized sin:
"We have a mission for the altar booooooooys!"

Confetti falls.
Lube cannons fire into the air like holy water in a sex rave.
Leo spins a crucifix like a stripper pole.
Daniel waves a liturgical flag that reads: **"Consent is Sacred."**

Meanwhile, Sophia screams something divine into Daniel's ear, and he responds with Gregorian moaning.

And as the number crescendos into pure musical blasphemy, a nun in fishnets drops from the ceiling on a swing, shouting:

* *"Sodom was an UNDERACHIEVER!"*

Cut to black.
Cue applause.
Mel Brooks nods from somewhere in the void,

whispering:
“They finally understood.”

Spotlight.

The room hushes. Even Sophia and Daniel pause mid-thrust—*briefly*—as the lights dim and shift. A grand piano slides in from nowhere, guided by divine farce itself.

Randy Newman, wearing a tuxedo with a stain that might be jazz or sin, begins to play. The first plunky, sentimental notes of *“You’ve Got a Friend in Me”* echo like a lullaby in a padded cell.

Second spotlight.

Center stage: **King Oedipus**, regal, blindfolded, draped in togas and bad decisions, stands arm-in-arm with **Sigmund Freud**, impeccably dressed, cigar in hand, smiling like a man who just got hard reading a diagnostic manual.

They begin to sing. Softly at first. Then full duet.

Oedipus (tenderly):
"You've got a friend in me…"
(He squeezes Freud's arm. Uncomfortably long eye contact.)

Freud (nodding, eyes gleaming with psychoanalytic joy):
"You've got a friend in me…"
(He twirls his mustache like it's foreplay.)

Behind them, Randy Newman grins like Satan with sheet music.

Oedipus:
"When you're down and fucked your mom, and your kingdom's in shambles…"

Freud (gently harmonizing):
"You just remember what your ol' doc said…"
(whispers) *"Tell me about your bed."*

Both (arms outstretched, like lovers at a therapy session):
"Boy, you've got a friend in meeeeeee."

The spotlight flickers. Somewhere, a Greek chorus collapses into laughter and trauma.

Randy hits the final chord with flair.
Oedipus weeps. Freud smokes.
Everyone claps. No one heals.

Leo, raising a glass:
"That's it. That's the whole Western canon right there."

And off in the corner, Daniel whispers to Sophia:
“I’m naming my next orgasm *Electra.*”

Curtain.
Nervous laughter.
Therapists everywhere feel a disturbance in the force.

Spotlight slams on.
A golf swing sound effect. A rimshot. A chorus of confused gasps and delighted degenerates.

Bob Hope, swaggering onto the stage in a Hawaiian shirt loud enough to wake the dead, twirling a golf club like it's both prop and weapon, grins that unmistakable old-Hollywood smirk.

He taps the mic.
"This thing on? Great. Just flew in from Purgatory—boy, are my arms tired!"
Polite chuckles. One confused moan. A visible twitch from Freud.

Then he leans into the mic, eyes gleaming with the mischief of a man who's too dead to be canceled:

"Hey, folks... do you know how you castrate a Catholic priest?"

The audience, already halfway scandalized, shouts in unison:
"No!"

Bob:
(mimes a swift, dramatic upward kick)
"You kick the altar boy in the chin!"

Rimshot!
Half the crowd screams.
The other half howls.
The Vatican Choir faints.
Daniel falls off his chair laughing.
Sophia drops her drink.
Jana claps once, whispers:
"That joke was a mortal sin and I loved every syllable."

Randy Newman slams a dissonant chord and mutters,
"Even *I* wouldn't write that one."

Leo raises his glass:
"To Bob Hope. Still offending the Church from beyond the grave."

And somewhere, offstage, the Pope locks his Twitter account.

Spotlight still on.
Bob Hope takes a slow walk across the stage, twirling his golf club like he's teeing off straight into the ninth circle of Hell.

He grins, full showbiz sparkle with just enough rot to make it delicious.

Bob:
"You ever heard of the reverse exorcism?"

The audience, now drunk on sin and sacrilege, yells back like a well-trained cult:

"NO!"

Bob pauses.
Raises an eyebrow.
Twists his smirk into something halfway between blasphemy and a sitcom punchline.

Bob:
"It's when *Satan* takes the priest out of the *kid!*"

BA-DUM-TSSSH!
The band explodes.
The crowd does too. Half in laughter, half in existential dread.

Freud falls out of his chair.
Oedipus claps like a proud uncle at a deeply inappropriate graduation.
Daniel yells, "THAT'S CANON NOW!"

The Inquisitors try to retreat back into the wall but get stuck in the swing.

Sophia nearly chokes on a communion wafer someone inexplicably handed her.

Randy Newman, still at the piano, just sighs:
"Why write Toy Story when this exists?"

And Bob, twirling his club like a mic drop, tips his invisible hat and mutters:

"I'll be here all afterlife, folks. Try the sacramental wine—it pairs great with shame."

Curtain.
Lightning.
Silence from the heavens.
God's typing a very long email.

Spotlight returns, sharper than a papal glare.
Bob Hope strolls back up, golf club over his shoulder, looking like he just escaped Hell's VIP lounge and didn't tip the bouncer.

He gives the audience that signature grin—equal parts charm, sin, and plausible deniability.

Bob:
"Alright, alright, one more before the Vatican puts out a hit."

The crowd leans in. Randy Newman sighs audibly behind the piano.

Bob:
"So… a woman, a lawyer, and a Catholic priest are on the sinking Titanic."

Murmurs. Nervous giggles. Somewhere, a rosary snaps.

Bob (with flair):
"The woman says: 'First, the kids!'"
He pauses. Twirls the club.

"The lawyer says: 'Fuck the kids!'"

Gasps. Snorts. Anticipation.

Bob leans into the mic, pure devilish glee in his eyes:
“And the priest says: ‘Think we have time?’”

RIMSHOT. HELLSHOT. ORGASM OF LAUGHTER.

The crowd implodes.
Freud collapses off his chair in *pure professional satisfaction*.
Oedipus whispers, *“Even I didn’t go that far.”*
Daniel screams, **“SOMEONE BAPTIZE ME IN LIQUOR!”**

Jana throws holy water at the stage—it hisses on contact.

And Bob Hope bows low, tips his imaginary halo, and whispers into the mic:
“I’ll be performing exclusively in damnation. Tuesdays and feast days.”

Randy plays him off with a dirge so filthy even the keys blush.
Fade to black.
The Vatican issues a papal bull titled *"No More Jokes, Please."*

Spotlight snaps on like a divine subpoena.

Bob Hope strolls out one last time, grinning like he just smuggled a whoopee cushion into Heaven's throne room. Hawaiian shirt flapping, golf club twirling, eternal damnation practically winking behind him.

He taps the mic.
"Testicles, testicles… one, two… is this thing still going?"

The crowd's already wheezing.

Bob:
"Alright, let's finish strong. Here's one that'll get me excommunicated *retroactively.*"

He clears his throat, smirk loading like a missile.

“A priest, a rapist, and a paedophile walk into a bar…”

He pauses. Waits. The room freezes.

“…and he orders a beer.”

BOOM.
Rimshot detonates.
The crowd howls like wolves at an orphanage fundraiser.
Tomás is on the floor.
Sophia spits out her drink across three people and a fern.
Leo just raises his glass and mutters,
“That’s theology, baby.”

Randy Newman breaks into a slow, painful chord progression known only as *"The Sound of Lawsuits."*

Bob bows, twirls the club, and exits stage left into a cloud of incense and legal warnings.
As he goes, he mutters:

"Tell St. Peter it was *worth it.*"

Spotlight.

Sammy Davis Jr. walks onto the stage, smooth as silk, dressed to the nines in a midnight tuxedo—*but* with a big ol' sheriff's star pinned to his lapel. The crowd goes wild. The band hits a jazzy riff. The man glides like he owns gravity.

And just as he reaches the mic, a planted voice from the crowd—*obviously a claque, overly dramatic and eager for setup*—yells out:

"Hey! The sheriff is a—"

The audience holds its breath.
Time freezes.
Even the piano stops mid-chord.

Sammy raises an eyebrow.

Smooth as whiskey and twice as sharp, he finishes the thought himself:

"Yeah, yeah. *'The sheriff is a nigger."*
Pause. He grins.
"So it was in *Blazing Saddles*—but you didn't complain *then,* did you?"

Crowd erupts in cheers and knowing laughter.
Tomás shouts, "Preach it, baby!"
Leo wipes a tear and mutters, "That's jazz justice."
Daniel yells, "I *love* meta-racial satire!"

Sammy winks, leans into the mic:
"Mel Brooks wrote the line. Richard Pryor made it swing. I just came to collect royalties on the discomfort."

Lights dim. A soft hum of mechanical elegance fills the theatre.

From the ceiling, a **glass box** descends—slow, dramatic, absurdly elegant, like if IKEA had a pornographic opera division.

Inside: red velvet bed, satin sheets tossed about like they've been through biblical plagues. Candles flicker without fire. Shadows dance.

And there they are.
Sophia and Daniel.

In full *art installation mode*—already locked in a *wild, steamy, acrobatic symphony* of unapologetic lust. No sound. Just visuals. Intense, graphic, graceful. Passion turned into interior design.

They writhe.
They flip.
They *thrust with baroque precision*.
At one point, she reads a book mid-ride while he ties a bowtie with his teeth.

But it's all **silent**.
No moans. No groans. Just pure, uninterrupted erotic choreography behind glass.

The **audience gasps**, applauds, and then just… accepts it.

Because this isn't porn.
This is *set decoration*.
This is *theme*.
This is *commitment to ambiance*.

Tomás nods thoughtfully.
"IKEA's getting real ambitious."

Leo sips his drink.
"I call that 'The Lust Aquarium.'"

Jana shrugs, unfazed.
"Makes me want to redecorate."

Randy Newman, unfazed, plays something sultry and tragic while glancing up now and then like it's a weather report.

The show continues. Skits unfold. Songs are sung. Priests are mocked. Freud is analyzed. Bob Hope rises from the dead twice.

And through it all, in the upstage glass box,
Sophia and Daniel keep *doing it*.
As silently, passionately, and artistically as two human beings can.

Like a filthy snow globe with rhythm.
Like a pornographic lava lamp with diplomas.
Like theatre finally admitting what we all came for.

Sam**my Davis Jr.** never left the stage.

He's been there the whole time—watching, tapping his foot, sipping something gold from a crystal glass, the sheriff star still pinned on like a dare.

He steps forward now, slow and smooth, the room falling to hush around him.
Spotlight narrows. Just him and the truth.

He leans into the mic.
Eyes calm. Smile razor-thin.

“Do you know the five white things the nigger has?”

Gasps.
Palpable tension.
Somewhere, an ethics professor faints.

From the audience—timid, unsure, playing along with nervous laughter:

“Palm of the hands?”

“Palm of the feet?”

“Teeth?”

“Eyes?”

He nods. Four fingers up.
Pause. Silence.
People fidget.
Can’t think of the fifth.

No one dares to guess.
No one *knows*—and that's the point.

Sammy lowers his hand, leans in close to the mic, and with the gravity of a man who's danced through America's hypocrisy and *never missed a step*, he whispers:

"…and the owner."

The mic crackles.

Silence.
Heavy.
Like truth finally sat in the front row.

No applause. Just understanding.

Then softly, slowly—
Randy Newman plays a minor chord.
Tomás exhales.
Jana wipes a tear she didn't know was there.
Leo just says, **"Goddamn."**

Sammy steps back.
Smile gone.
Legend intact.

The glass box glows red behind him.
The show goes on.
But now everyone knows what color the spotlight really is.

Enter: Dean Martin.
He stumbles onstage like a man who's been drinking since the 1940s and never quite found a reason to stop. Hair immaculate. Tuxedo slightly askew. Glass of amber liquid in one hand, cigarette trailing a lazy line of smoke in the other.

Sammy, still smoldering from his last mic drop, catches him mid-wobble, steadying him like a Sinatra-powered safety rail.

Sammy (grinning):
"Whoa there, pal… been warming up at the bar?"

Dino, swaying, eyes half-closed but twinkling with eternal mischief, slurs out:

"This?"
He holds up his glass, wobbles it like it's a magic wand.

"This is the first drink of the night…"

Pause.

He smirks. Turns slowly to the audience, drops the eyelid with the precision of a master assassin delivering his kill shot:
"…in my *left* hand."

The crowd goes nuts.

Randy Newman hits a boozy piano chord.
Tomás yells "KING!"
Leo raises his glass and toasts with *both* hands.
Sophia, still rhythmically visible in the glass box, gives Dean a thumbs-up mid-thrust.

Dean sips, smirks, and slurs:
"God, I love theatre. You can be drunk *and* profound."

Sammy pats his back:
"You're only one of those, Dean."

Dino:
"I know. But damn, I'm *great* at it."

Spotlight fades as Dean belts a note, Sammy harmonizes, and somewhere Sinatra rolls over in his grave, lights a cigarette, and claps.

Dino, now fully in his element—glass in hand, tie loose, hair immaculate despite physics and sin—drifts to center stage with that crooked grin that launched a thousand regrettable marriages.

The band swells behind him.
The crowd hushes.
Randy Newman lights a cigarette with a hymnbook and starts playing the intro.

Dino turns, drunkenly graceful, and points behind him—
at the glass box, where **Sophia and Daniel** are still engaged in what can only be described as **acrobatic liturgical fornication**.

With all the crooner charm of a man who's made love in a piano:

Dino (singing):
"Everybody loves somebody sometime…"

Crowd swoons. Someone ovulates. A priest drops his rosary.

Then—*he turns again*, slowly, dramatically, pointing now at the **priests** huddled awkwardly near the can-can remnants…
…and their skittish, wide-eyed **altar boys** standing like deer at a Vatican barbecue.

Dino (still crooning):
"Everybody falls in love… somehow…"

The room explodes.

Gasps. Laughter.
A nun slaps someone with a hymnbook.
Freud high-fives Oedipus and whispers, *"Finally, someone said it with melody."*

Leo raises his drink.
"The man weaponized a ballad. Respect."

Bob Hope, from the wings:
"And they said Dean couldn't do *satire!*"

Dino raises his glass, winks at the priests.
"Just keep it consensual, fellas. *And age-appropriate.*"

Then—
Back to Sammy.
They link arms.
The band kicks into full swing.

Dean belts the final line, eyes twinkling:

"Something in your kiss… just told me… my sometime… is *nooowwwww!*"

Final chord. Ovation. A spotlight explodes. The Pope faints.
Curtain? Hell no. This show ain't over.

Helicopter blades thunder overhead.
The lights flicker. Drinks ripple. A priest clutches his pearls.

From the ceiling, a **rope ladder descends**—swaying, dramatic, *divine intervention in Rat Pack form*.

And hanging from it like a debonair angel of vice, **Frank Sinatra**—fedora tilted, drink in one hand, cigarette somehow lit in the other, suit immaculate despite windspeed and gravitational disregard.

The crowd loses its collective mind.
Freud collapses.
Bob Hope salutes.

Randy Newman whispers, “We are not worthy,” and plays a minor chord in reverence.

Frank lands with all the effort of a man stepping off a cloud. He straightens his tie, takes a sip, strolls up to **Dino** and **Sammy**—the Trinity reassembled.

They don’t speak. They *know*.

Frank removes his fedora with a flourish, and *flings it like a frisbee* over the audience. It sails in slow motion, spinning with holy showbiz power. Someone in the balcony catches it and immediately orgasms.

He steps up to the mic, cool as death in a tux:

Frank (singing):
“She gets too hungry… for dinner at eight…”

Dino (with a smirk):
“She loves the theater… but doesn’t come late…”

Sammy (snapping fingers):
"She'd never bother… with people she'd hate…"

Then—
BAM!
The orchestra kicks in. Big. Brassy. Explosive.
A trumpet screams like it's climaxing.

All Three (in perfect harmony, hips swaying, drinks held high):
"That's why the lady is a *tramp!*"

The crowd explodes.
Glass shatters.
Jana screams.
A priest faints into a pile of hymnals.
Bob Hope tears up and mutters, **"They're back, baby."**

The Rat Pack lives.
The show is unstoppable.
Sinatra leans to the mic one more time, eyes gleaming:

“And she don’t give a damn… about your confessional.”

Band swells.
Lights flash.
Fade to red velvet chaos.

The lights turn sultry red.
Spotlight on the orchestra pit—Randy Newman swaps out the piano for a *smoking accordion*.
A trumpet moans. A saxophone winks. A tambourine faints.

Frank, Dino, and Sammy slide center stage, shoulders rolling, hips swaying like they’re about to seduce an entire continent.

Suddenly—
A bold, brassy riff kicks in: the unmistakable rhythm of *Mambo Italiano*—but with blasphemy in its heart and swing in its step.

All three, grinning like they've just robbed the Vatican and tipped the Pope:

"Hey, mambo! Mambo del Vaticanooo!"
The horns blast. A nun throws her veil into the air like panties at a Sinatra concert.

"Hey mambo! Don't you be a Romano…"
"Excommunicate that boring guy with morals!"
"Get yourself a girl and swing with some *orals*!"

The choir—yes, the choir—kicks in with backup harmonies that could get a monastery shut down.

"You do the cha-cha at confession, and the priests all lose their minds—"
"They see you twistin' in the pews and drop their wine!"

"Hey mambo! Mambo del Vaticanooo!"
"No more Latin mass and celibate sopranos!"

Sammy moonwalks across the altar.
Dino pours scotch into the holy water font.
Frank air-humps the incense.

"If you're a sinner, it's okay—"
"Just do the mambo every Sunday!"

All three, striking a pose as fireworks shaped like rosaries explode overhead:

"That's the mambo··· the MAMBO DEL VATICANOOOOO!"

The crowd rises.
The Pope combusts.
The glass box fogs up.
Bob Hope sobs into a communion wafer.

And somewhere···
Mel Brooks lights a cigar and whispers:
"Perfect."

Spotlight narrows.
Everything else dims into velvet silence.

Sinatra, now decked out in a **full Catholic priest outfit**, steps forward—*cassock flowing, collar tight, fedora still somehow on*, because Sinatra, even in parody, obeys no dress codes but his own.

In his arms: a baby.
Except it's *very clearly* a **plastic doll**, stiff as a confession booth and twice as disturbing.

The audience titters—*nervous laughter*, that early warning sign of incoming sacrilege.
Sinatra smirks. He hears it. He *feeds* on it.

He walks up to the **baptismal font**, flicks ashes from his cigarette directly into the holy water, and exhales a puff of pure Sinatra-grade sin.

Then he begins to croon—low, slow, velvety filth disguised as velvet class.

"It's quarter to three…
There's no one in the place, except you and me…"

He sways with the baby like he's seducing a martini.
The audience is howling already.

"So set 'em up, Joe…
I got a little story I think you should know…"

He dips the baby toward the font with a flourish,
like it's both being baptized and offered to
Dionysus.
He winks at the audience, ashes falling gracefully
from his cigarette.

"We're drinkin', my friend,
To the end of a brief episode…"

He lifts the doll dramatically, gives it a theatrical
spin like a Vegas showgirl—

"Make it one for *THIS* baby…"
(*heavy accent on "THIS" — finger pointing straight at the plastic infant like it just ran up a tab.*)

"…and one more for the road."

Then, with full Rat Pack bravado, he kisses the baby on the mouth.
Long. Overly dramatic. Eyes closed. Theatrical enough to cause whiplash in Rome.

The crowd erupts.
Standing ovation.
Chairs fall over.
Tomás faints with laughter.
Leo mutters, **"Somewhere, Frank just out-Franked himself."**

The orchestra kicks in.
A choir of altar boys sings jazz scat.
And the baptismal font begins to bubble like it knows it's been defiled.

Sinatra flicks his cigarette into the font.
"Blessed and highly caffeinated."

Blackout.
Rimshot.

The baby doll winks.
Curtain.

Cue absolute mayhem.
Organ music goes deranged. Choir begins breakdancing.
Spotlight slams on the *main doors of the theatre*, which burst open like a biblical plague of irony.

Monty Python, *full original formation*—yes, **Graham Chapman included, resurrected by pure comedic necessity**—march in *dressed head to toe in ridiculous, flapping, high-kicking nun costumes*. Stockings. Wimples. Lipstick applied with a paint roller.

The audience *loses it*.
Bob Hope yells, "It's the Second Coming—*of satire!*"

They line up in full glory, and **John Cleese**, arms outstretched like he's about to conduct a blasphemous opera, begins:

Cleese (in choirboy falsetto):
"I'm a Roman Catholic…
And have been since before I was born!"

Randy Newman gasps audibly at the rhyme.

Chapman (deadpan):
"And the one thing they say about Catholics is…"

Gilliam (adjusting habit, giddy):
"They'll take you as soon as you're warm."
Lightning strike. Laughter. Someone combusts.

Eric Idle (pointing at the altar boys, who wave awkwardly):
"You don't have to be a six-footer…"

Michael Palin (pointing at the priests, now nervously edging behind the pulpit):
"You don't have to have a great brain…"

Terry Jones (sashaying toward the glass box mid-coitus):
"You don't have to have any clothes on…"

Rat Pack (from the wings, jazz hands and whiskey in full effect):
"You're a Catholic the moment Dad caaaaaame—because…"

And then—
ALL CASTS. ALL VOICES. THE STAGE ERUPTS IN CHOREOGRAPHED INSANITY.

"*EVERY SPERM IS SACRED!*
EVERY SPERM IS GREAT!
IF A SPERM IS WASTED…
GOD GETS QUITE IRATE!"

The altar catches fire.
Cardinals join the can-can line.
Bob Hope leads a sperm-shaped conga.
The Pope is spotted parachuting into the audience clutching a water pistol full of holy lube.

Sinatra lifts his drink:
"To sperm. And to the blasphemers who made it catchy."

Blackout.
BOOM.
The **stage goes black** like God just pulled the plug out of morality.

A beat.
Silence.
Then—*soft light glows* from inside the **glass box**.

Inside, **Sophia and Daniel**, mid-thrust, freeze like frozen art. They exchange a glance—a look of shared purpose, wickedness, and performance-level horniness.

Without a word, they reach beneath the red satin sheets and pull out…
Two sledgehammers.

The audience gasps.
A priest crosses himself upside down.
Bob Hope drops his drink.

CRASH!
The front panel of the glass explodes outward—
but not in shards—
in a glorious shower of GLITTER.
The kind that sticks to skin and shame forever.

Daniel, now naked and majestic like a Renaissance statue with kinks, lays himself flat on the stage, arms stretched like Christ if he were into *very creative worship*.

Daniel (belting):
"Sit on my face and tell me that you love me!"

Sophia, with the grace of a queen and the power of a wrecking ball in heels, literally kneels down and—yep—sits.

Sophia (crooning):
"I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you, tooooo!"

SPOTLIGHT SLAMS CENTER STAGE.

Rat Pack enters like a pornographic Mount Rushmore.

Dino (tipsy, grinning):
"I love to hear you *oralize*…"

Sammy (hip-thrusting like a Vegas hurricane):
"…when I'm between your *thighs*!"

Sinatra (smooth as lube on a sermon):
"You blow me awaaaaaaaay."

Lights flood the whole stage.

Entire cast—Monty Python, priests, altar boys, Bob Hope, Randy Newman, Oedipus, Freud, Mel Brooks descending on a wire—join in for the big finale:

"Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you
I'll sit on your face and then I'll love you truly
Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine
If we sit on our faces in all sorts of places
And plaaaaay…

’till we’re blown…
Awaaaaaaaaaaay!”

Confetti cannons explode.
Fireworks shaped like butts light up the sky.
The Vatican issues a cease and desist.
Mel Brooks drops his pants, takes a bow.
End of show. Standing ovation. Morality is officially cancelled.

In a world where pain is sacred and shame wears robes, one woman chooses pleasure, glitter, and a sledgehammer.

"The Normal Ones" is a filthy, brilliant, and blasphemous descent into satire, sex, and salvation—where the Rat Pack returns from the dead, Monty Python leads a nun uprising, and Bob Hope finally tells the joke that gets him banned from Heaven.

This isn't theatre.

It's therapy with jazz hands.
And everyone's welcome—if they're not afraid to laugh before climax.